

INTERESTING WESTERNERS
A Blind Pilot Wins a Yacht Race
Jesse Ives

Hv1792
I94 1925



**M.C. MIGEL LIBRARY
AMERICAN PRINTING
HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**

INTERESTING WESTERNERS

*A Blind Pilot Wins a Yacht Race
Another Helen Triumphs at Tennis*

*A Girl Bucks Her Way Through College
A Specialist Puts Patches on Priceless Books*

The Skipper of the *Mary*

A MAN, broad of shoulder and tanned of cheek, stood at the wheel of the yacht *Mary*. Whistles sounded. The races were on. So sturdy was this man, so purposeful, he seemed a suitable part of the spectacle on that huge expanse of water. Behind him stood a captain directing his course by a series of whistles. Through the locks of Lake Washington Canal, out into Puget Sound, through the straits and to Victoria, B. C., this man guided his yacht, ever attentive to the whistles behind him. He won the yacht races from Seattle, Washington, to Victoria, B. C., with the Hathaway cup as reward.

He could hear the swishing of water as the yacht cleaved a trail for the other ships but he could not see the sparkling spray snatching the brilliance from the sun. He could not see the silver gleam of the trophy. He was blind.

This blind pilot and owner of the winning yacht was Jesse F. Ives of Seattle, Washington, for twenty-one years a dominating figure in the lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest. It was not the first race he had won. Less than ten years ago he was general manager of one of the largest timber concerns in the West. While supervising the construction of the company's mammoth mill at Ballard, Washington, his eyes began to trouble him. Doctors ordered six months of complete rest.

"There was no one else to build that mill so I returned at the end of two months' vacation in California and directed its construction," explained Ives simply.

Then came total darkness. Did Ives enter this shadowy world with a bitter heart? Did he live in the sunshiny, seeing past? Not he. He went stoically on through the blackness to greater success. He won the race against lost Hope, against Despair.

"I was strong as a horse. I had never been ill in my life," said Ives. "Why should I lose my nerve, I reasoned, why let go? I must simply redouble my efforts in business and my interest in life. Of course I knew the mill pretty well and the business affairs of the

company, so it was comparatively easy for me to find my way about.

"Eyes are a luxury. They are fine to see pretty girls, towering mountains, restless seas, lovely flowers and the like, but they certainly are not a necessity. The power of greater concentration is a compensation of blindness. There are fewer material pleasures, fewer activities to distract the sightless person. Because of this power of intensified concentration I have been able to accomplish more in business since becoming blind."

As proof that eyes are only a luxury Ives applies his philosophy by directing nearly a thousand employees. Several millions of dollars pass through his hands yearly. To the right of his desk is a set of push-buttons connecting him with the various departments of the mill. He manipulates these as a musician plays on

the piano. So delicate is his reaction to vibration that he can tell when the various parts of the mill machinery are not in running order. He knows the meaning of each whistle, the whirr of each plane in the plant.

A machinery salesman told me:

"I went there one day to sell a piece of machinery. As I was new in the territory I did not know Ives was blind. I explained my call and showed him a miniature model. He examined it, ran his hands over the various parts, naming each one as he touched it. His movements were quick and sure. Not once did he fail in the proper naming of those parts. He gave me an order. I left, not realizing that my customer was blind until several weeks later when talking to another machinery salesman who informed me."

One feels no consciousness of Ives' unseeing eyes when entering his office. His desk, however, speaks definitely—a large mahogany expanse with nothing on it but two telephones and a paperweight. Absent is the usual pile of papers, baskets of letters and other customary clutter of a business man's desk. Ives does not consider his blindness an affliction—it is to him merely a fact. He spoke of it in the same manner as he might say, "I don't like soft boiled eggs for breakfast." His close friends expected this heroic attitude of acceptance.

"A man who would shove aside a white-collar, swivel-chair job for that of a long-shoreman because he wanted to know men before he bossed them, isn't the kind easily crushed," remarked one of these friends. Ives talked to me of his career as a long-shoreman:

"Some thirty years ago I was graduated from the California Military Academy in Oakland. I wanted space and physical labor so I spent three years on a California cattle ranch. During that time I was mentally eliminating the various industries. Finally I decided on the lumber business. I realized that I couldn't know men from the top of a bookkeeper's stool. You can't understand what real hard back-aching labor is when you're running a finger round the inside of a white collar. You've got to get some callouses on your hands to put sympathy in



Eyesight is a luxury, not a necessity, says Jesse F. Ives, the blind pilot who recently won the yacht races from Seattle, Washington, to Victoria, B. C., with the Hathaway cup as reward. Mrs. Ives is "mate" of their yacht *Mary*. And blindness does not interfere with Ives as general manager of a huge lumber plant and employer of nearly a thousand men

TALES OF THE OLD WEST



Boone Helm and the Stockman

By John L. Considine

Author of: The Croaking Frog, etc.

ONE marvels to reflect how the frontier has faded. The Johnson county cattle war is not so far behind. Men who helped to make Tombstone, Bodie, and Pioche picturesquely wicked are still alive. Yet the days of the Bannack rush were still young when those camps saw their heyday.

Bannack had its heroes, but its villains overshadow them. Like dim forms magnified by a fog do those dark figures loom up through the vista of vanished years. Some were polished rascals, clever, courtly, accomplished, like Henry Plummer, for instance.

Others were horrific apparitions, like Boone Helm, most sinister monster of all the pioneer West—a bogy to frighten the children of his time as the name of the Black Douglas was used by Lowland mothers to silence their fretful offspring.

His career of crime began in Missouri with the murder of a friend. He fled to California, where other bloody deeds were laid to his charge. But justice limped in those days, and it was long before one of his killings took such form as to put him in jeopardy. He fled to The Dalles, where he joined a party setting out for Camp Floyd, Utah. Here he made his first recorded admission of cannibalism.

The winter journey from The Dalles to Salt Lake by way of Fort Hall, Idaho, was in those days one of appalling hardships and dangers. The party with which Helm set out melted away, and he was found starving in an Indian family's wickiup near Fort Hall by a man in charge of a wagon-train bound for Salt Lake. Here, for a second time, Boone confessed to cannibalism, claiming that the man who had accompanied him as far as this place had committed suicide and that starvation had forced him to eat part of the body.

The man in charge of the wagon train, led to believe him penniless, clothed and fed him and took him on to Salt Lake. There, with \$1400 in gold, which he had with him all the time, he quit his benefactor without a word of thanks.

He squandered his gold and then, it is said, did two more murders—both for hire—and, protected by his employers, made his way out of Utah. From San

Francisco once more he fared north to The Dalles, and between that place and the then new gold camp of Florence, Idaho, other murders and thefts are laid to him. At Florence, in circumstances of peculiar cowardice and treachery, he killed a well-known local character, an honest miner known as Dutch Fred.

He escaped to Frazer river and a British Columbian newspaper, referring a few months later to his arrest there, recorded one more confession of cannibalism on his part. Returned to Florence for trial, a brother of his bought off the witnesses to the murder of Dutch Fred and once more this villain extraordinary escaped his deserts.

It was some time previous, and probably during his second trip to The Dalles, that his red hand wove a broken thread of romance into the life of a better man, and so furnished warp and woof for this story.

THE man referred to while yet young had left a comfortable home in the East to settle in Oregon. With a quarter section of land, well stocked, and a house good for that time and place, he became engaged to marry. Grasshoppers devastated his crop and a hard winter his stock. He had to postpone the marriage. Perhaps the girl showed a mercenary streak, for he became misanthropic and inclined to quit the society of humankind. His father provided him with 300 head of stock and money for necessities, and laying in a small library, including the Greek and Latin classics, he took up his residence in the Rogue River valley.

It was a charming retreat, in the shadow of the Coast Range, thirty-six miles west of the old California trail. The only evidence of previous human contact was a near-by Indian trail, leading from the base of Mount Siskiyou to the ocean.

Turning his cattle loose to graze upon rich hill and valley he, with the help of the three drovers who had brought the cattle, built a log cabin on a half-acre enclosure, surrounded by a stockade fifteen

feet high, for the Indians thereabout bore a bad name. With an armory of one rifle, fifteen U. S. Army Yagers, a double-barreled shotgun, a brace of Colt revolvers and a goodly supply of ammunition, he felt himself equal to any emergency, dismissed the three drovers, and settled down to a life of study, hunting, and stock-raising.

Deer-hunting one day, he found in a thicket in the forest a famished, half-naked man, who gave the name of Boone Helm, and who said he was the sole survivor of a company which, embarking at San Francisco for Portland, had been ship-wrecked. He had wandered to this place, eating berries and sleeping in the shelter of rocks and bushes.

The stockman took him in and kept him for a month or so. Although uneducated, the wanderer was intelligent and had genial manners—an agreeable talker with a knack for telling a story. From his remarks his host inferred that his hands were not guiltless of blood. Yet he grew to like him, and it was with a curious feeling of mingled regret and relief that he bade Helm good-by, giving him a buckskin suit, a cap, moccasins and gun.

One summer day, as the recluse lay reading on a blanket in the shade of the stockade, he heard the sound of hoofs. Fancying it was Indians, he seized the rifle that always lay near, and sprang to a spy-hole. He was struck with wonderment to see a beautiful young horsewoman approaching rapidly over the Indian trail.

He offered her a seat in the stockade. She picked up his Virgil and read a few lines of the Latin aloud. She chatted with him about his strange surroundings, and it was some time before she came to the subject of her visit.

Her father, he gathered, was a Boston merchant who had failed in business and died shortly afterward, leaving herself and her mother ail but penniless. The California gold rush was on and the girl came to the Coast. In San Francisco, funds exhausted, she conceived the original idea of becoming a sort of itinerant amanuensis for the miners, whose fingers were stiffened and rheumatic from working all

(Continued on page 56)

your heart for the man who labors. I turned down a good job in a lumber office and started out as a longshoreman. To meet labor squarely you must be a disciple of labor. If you would know men you must go among them, think as they think, experience their emotions and, greatest of all, work as they work. It's the lunch-pail perspective that so many of our bosses lack. They have trouble with their employes because they can not make the mental transition from boss to laborer. In the twenty-one years that I have been a general manager we have had but one small strike. Personal contact with employes, service to the workers, and the hiring of practical men has eliminated industrial unrest in our plants.

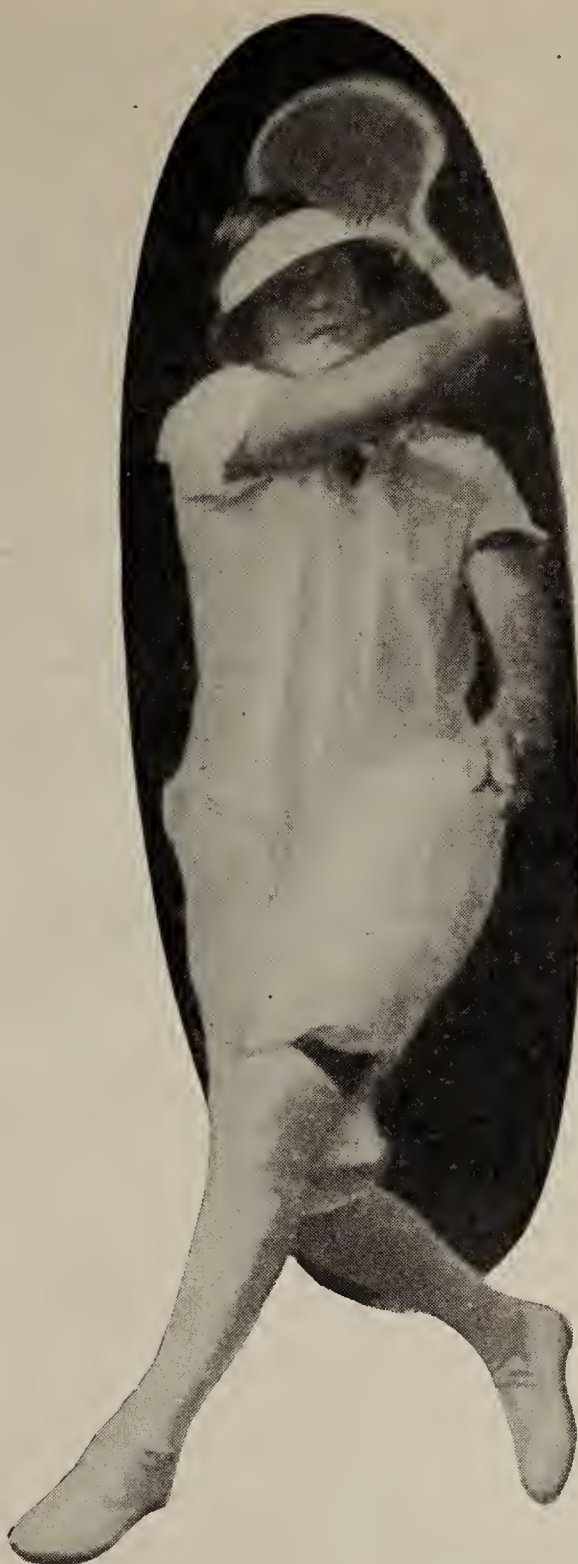
"I try to know every man in our employ, to keep track of his family. If he is hurt we help him. If his wife is ill we offer him assistance. If one gets drunk and lands in jail I get him out. We're all human. Any one of us might commit a wrong against society at some time. Such a man needs help, not condemnation. Instead of giving him his 'time' I secure him his freedom from jail. Usually this happens but once to the same man. He appreciates what I have done and is slow to betray my confidence. Service is as important as the pay envelope for the employer to extend to the employe. There are more bad owners and bad bosses than bad workers. Closer contact—more hand-clasps and fewer written orders—is what is needed in handling men.

"Another theory I have in my business is to advance men who know the practical side of the lumber game. The trouble with many young people today is that they won't work. Brilliance lags, is not backed up by industry.

"There's a young fellow who holds an important position in the mill. The other day I said to him, 'Jack, how old were you when you started to work?' 'Why, Mr. Ives,' he answered, 'I've worked ever since I could push a baby buggy.' That boy came from a large family. He earned his way through college, being an employe of this mill during all those years. A human view-point and moral responsibility are developed in a fellow who works his way through college or earns promotions by hard labor that the ease-loving job-holder lacks. Leaders of the future as of the past will come from large families. Our young men of smaller families and richer parents have too much money and not enough ambition.

"And say, if I were a young fellow contemplating matrimony," Ives remarked, interrupting his comments on business methods, "I sure would marry a girl who has made her own way—she knows what a man faces on his daily quest of the family's livelihood. She is not only more capable of holding her new domestic job because she has already held a job but she is more considerate of her husband. It makes me shudder to think what might happen to some young girls if their wealthy parents should lose their money. Every girl should know how to earn her own living. Every girl should know how to cook. If as many cooking lessons were given as piano lessons there would be fewer divorces."

As Ives makes his way by aid of cane



She is now only Helen the Small but she intends to equal Helen the Great. Helen Jacobs of Berkeley, California, is following the tennis footsteps of Helen Wills. At sixteen she has duplicated Queen Helen's record at the same age by conquering the eastern junior tennis field and bringing home two national championships

and a guide through the mill, one hears: "Hello, Jim, how's the new son? Going to make a sawyer of him?" "Ed, did you take your wife to Doctor Julian? How is her throat?" "Say, Bill, how's the new home coming? When are you going to have the housewarming?" and "John, you're some speedy worker. Heard you had another promotion. Good boy!"

Ives swims every day and is an enthusiastic yachtsman. He was formerly a good boxer. He held the championship for the bicycle riders of the Pacific Coast. The most effective description of him would be written in strong words. His personality demands them, just as the baby-doll type of woman demands diminutives. Vigorous, powerful, unbreakable—these adjectives seem to fall into orderly array when speaking of so impressive a personality.

MARIE ROWE DUNBAR.

Our Other Helen

JUST another Helen; another product of the Golden West; another native-born Californian who has done much to spread the fame of the already famous state. Like the better known Helen, this new Helen also is a tennis player and though the laurels she has won in the name of California are small in comparison with those of her namesake, those she hopes to win and, from all indications, promises to win, will not eventually be far below those of the great Helen.

Helen Jacobs is starting where Helen Wills started in the tennis world. She learned her game on the public playgrounds, then she became the protege of William C. Fuller, maker of tennis champions at the Berkeley Tennis Club, and lo, at the age of sixteen, same age that Helen the Great went forth to conquer the world, Helen the Small rode out behind a steed of iron and made the same conquest that her famous namesake had made: she captured the eastern junior tennis field and returned home with a couple of national tennis championships packed away in her traveling bag; and she made the same favorable impression as the other Helen on tennis folk in the eastern field.

It may be merely coincidental that both girls are named Helen and that Helen Jacobs is living in the same house in Berkeley where Helen Wills lived when she made her first trip east and won her first national championship; but the important part of it all is that both have "the something" that goes to make a champion tennis player.

Helen Jacobs has a difficult task ahead of her to duplicate the example set by Helen Wills, not only to play the game for what it is worth but to live up to the finer points that go to make the game of tennis one of the greatest of all amateur sports, but she seems quite capable of doing everything that will be required of her.

To the uninitiated the game of tennis is nothing more than hitting the ball with the racket but, to those who are in on the know, that is the very smallest part of it. Hitting the ball may win points, games, matches or even championships but it is the spirit back of hitting the ball that makes the real tennis champion. To be not only a good loser but a popular winner—one who can remain unspoiled no matter how much glory she achieves—makes the game of tennis what it is today and makes Helen Wills the great champion that she is. Such is the example Helen Jacobs has ever before her. She is striving to reach the standard of Helen Wills. Will she do it? We'll say she will. Her name is Helen, she was born and raised in California, she has the same unbeatable tutor that Helen Wills had and she has "the stuff" in her.

In June of this year the two Helens met for the first time in a tennis match. The meeting was in connection with the annual Pacific Coast championship tournament. They have belonged to the same club for two years and had exchanged greetings almost daily as each appeared for a practise match, but never before had they exchanged greetings from opposite sides of the net. The event was extremely interesting from the view-point of

the expert. It was a meeting of a perfectly finished player with one beginning to put on the finishing touches. All the advantages, as expected, were with the older Helen. She shot beautiful tennis and won by a very easy score, but young Helen showed up well in comparison. The game which little Helen put up that day more than justifies the assertion made about her that before many years have passed she will have won almost as many laurels for California as Helen Wills herself.

BLANCHE K. ASHBAUGH.

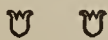


She Breaks Broncos

CHARLOTTE WARNER, a student of the Utah Agricultural College, breaks horses to pay her way through that institution. The eastern college student can wait on tables and the Western boy can sell knit goods but Miss Warner has no use for these tame methods of earning tuition fees. She prefers to fork wild-eyed fire-eating range horses and subdue them at the rate of ten dollars per head.

When Miss Warner had finished the high school course she planned to go on to college, but successive drouths on her father's ranch in Grace, Idaho, seemed to make a college course out of the question. So she determined to find a way to earn some money and when she saw an advertisement wanting some one to break horses she immediately wrote for and obtained the job. Her experience as a "ranch hand" and her natural ability to manage horses stood her in good stead. She was thrown many times at first but soon acquired skill and in a month's time turned over the band of horses, thoroughly broken. Indeed, the owner of the animals declared he never had seen better-broken horses and he more than willingly paid over the ten dollars per animal. All do not have the opportunity to break horses even if they so desired but there are many other ways of earning money and any boy or girl with half the determination of Miss Warner can surely find some way of obtaining a college education.

MELVIN LEMON.



A Book Doctor

MENDING rare and valuable books is the work of E. H. Tordoff of Berkeley, California. From all parts of the United States this veteran book doctor receives torn and time-worn vol-



Charlotte Warner's plans were all nicely made to enter Utah Agricultural College. Then something happened to the crops on her father's ranch. Money to pay her way must be earned. but how? She saw an advertisement—somebody wanted a horse-breaker. She qualified after many a tough tumble and tamed a band of wild animals at ten dollars per head. And she is still (no, "still" isn't the right word!) on the job of subduing bucking broncos

umes with the request that he patch them up. Often documents sent him are valued at many hundreds of dollars. Perhaps they are the only extant copies of

I do it is my secret," was the smiling response. "This much I will tell you: use a process of direct photography, making negatives from the second volume of



Nobody knows how he does it. It is his secret. E. H. Tordoff has discovered a process by which he can replace a lost page from any book (providing a duplicate is obtainable) without a blank space on either side. The result is an exact copy of the original

some first edition published centuries ago, or rare historical works that a book lover has chanced upon in a forgotten corner of an old attic. But wherever they are found, if pages are torn and bindings hanging by a few threads, they are sent to Tordoff, who mends them so skilfully that the average eye can not even detect the patches.

Among the most interesting volumes Tordoff has restored was one of the two extant original manuscripts of the Book of Mormon. After all its pages had been carefully mended and torn parts replaced he made a special trip to Independence, Missouri, to deliver in person the precious document into the hands of the church authorities. Other books that have been repaired by this specialist include valuable copies of "The Faerie Queene," Bacon's "A Naturall History," "The Annales or General Chronicle of England," and so on down a long list that would arouse envy in the heart of any book collector.

"What do you do if a page is lost from a volume?" Tordoff was asked.

"I can replace it providing a corresponding copy of the book is obtainable, but how I do it is my secret," was the smiling response. "This much I will tell you: use a process of direct photography, making negatives from the second volume of each side of the page missing in the one I am restoring. These negatives I make directly upon sensitized paper, which also acts as the positive or finished photograph.

"To this point the process is not commonly used by bookbinders. Ordinarily the photographs they are bound into the volume and have the appearance of ordinary pages except that one side on each is blank. So far no one has discovered a process for making a picture on both the front and the back of a split. But—this is my secret—I have discovered a way of splitting the sheet of paper on which the negative has been made, so that I can lay my two photographed pages back to back, glue them together and have an exact copy in every way of the original page to bind into the book. The paper has previously been put through a coloring process from which it emerges with all the yellowness of age that marked the original."

Tordoff has been following the trade of bookbinding, from which he worked into the field of restoring old volumes, for forty years.

LOUISE MEILIKE.

HV1792

c.1

I

INTERESTING WESTERNERS
A BLIND PILOT WINS A YACHT RACE.

Date Due			

Bno-Dart

INDUSTRIES

Newark 14, N.J. • Los Angeles 25, Calif.
Toronto 2B, Ontario Made in U. S. A.

